

Humorous Department.

Loquacious.—A general conversation was in progress in the Gold Wedge Saloon in Goldfield, Nev., during the boom days, when a discussion of the taciturnity of certain individuals was brought up. Incidents were cited where men had gone for days without speaking to each other; and the best of them all was a story told by Death Valley Scotty, the world-famed prospector of the Nevada deserts.

"Well," said Scotty, "the worst I ever did hear about was Jim Crowley an' Kerfain, Billy, the boys used to call him. They was the oldest prospectors in this country till they died, an' their camps have been pitched above some of the best mines that state has developed. One night I rode up on 'em just as they was settin' down to grub an' I was invited to eat. I knowed them two 'sour doughs' of old, an' I spent a mighty quiet day with them.

"Nothin' must do but for me to look over their prospect, an' I did. As we was ridin' back into camp at the end of the day old Jim saw a bunch of cows feedin' over on a side hill 'bout half a mile off. 'That's a good lookin' yeller cow,' says Jim.

"Yep. She's got red spots on her," says Billy.

"I never thought about it again," Scotty continued, "till the next morning, when I started away from the camp. There was old Jim's half of the camp belengin' to one of the burros they had. Billy looked at old Jim kind of surprised.

"Pullin' out?" he asked.

"Yep," says Jim.

"Why?" asked Billy.

"Too much argument," Jim explained.

The Law's Limit.—A big handsome lawyer from one of the southern states presented himself at the door of the supreme court when there was an important case being argued. He passed by the long line of people waiting patiently for their turn to come, but was suddenly halted at the entrance to the chamber.

"Are you a member of this bar?" asked the doorman.

"Well, yes—no, not exactly, but I am a practicing lawyer."

"Then you'll have to stand in line back there," was the response.

The southerner turned away after pressing his point a little longer. There was an old white-haired negro standing near him in the corridor, and to him the lawyer said:

"Look here, Uncle, this is an outrage! Why, I have practiced law thirty years, and that fellow won't let me in there."

"Well, boss," replied the old dorky, looking up at him, "dat's all I guess, but you got to be powerful keerful round here, fo' if you git in contempt of dat here court, dere ain't nobody left to appeal to but God Almighty.—Lippincott's.

Ignorant.—A party of tourists in a small Philippine village were trying to make the native driver of a bull cart understand that they wished their baggage transferred from the bungalow to the railway station at 2 p. m. But the native did not seem to comprehend either their gestures or their hybrid language.

Standing near the tourists, says Everybody's, was a recruit of the United States army who had been in the "Islands" just a month and was extremely proud of the few words of "Hog Spanish" that he had learned. So he offered his services as interpreter.

"Say, hombre," said he impressively to the Filipino, "when the clock on that steeple yonder strike two, 'ding-ding' you get your bull cart, 'moo-moo,' and carry these trunks to the station, 'toot-toot.' Savvy?"

"No no no," solemnly replied the native.

"What-ah!" roared the interpreter. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't understand your own language?"

A Question of Grammar.—The ready wit of the late Eugene V. Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song" and other poems, is shown in the following story:

He was given a dinner, says Lippincott's, at his home in Kansas City, Kan., the place to which he had retired after he resigned from the office of pension commissioner at Washington under Roosevelt.

The guests were equally divided between Missourians from the twelfth across the line and Kansans. All present had imbibed the spirit of their genial, humorous host.

Said a Missourian: "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We from Missouri get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me, what have you decided about the hen, for instance; does she sit or does she set?"

"We don't bother about things like that," dashed Ware. "What concerns us, when she cackles, is, has she laid or has she lied?"

Would Be Satisfied.—A lawyer tells the following of a lady who was a day was an advocate of temperance in eating, in drinking, in the use of tobacco—in all things. Praising temperance at a lawyer's banquet, he once told a story about a young wife who said to her husband: "Jack, dear, I do wish you would stop drinking. Every time you go to one of those banquets of yours you get up the next morning pale and tired; you won't eat anything, you just gulp down nine or ten glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you, dear? I know it's bad for you."

"But all great men have been drinking men," Jack grumbled. "Look at DeQuincy, look at Poe, look at Charles Lamb, look at Sheridan, look—"

"Well," interrupted his wife, "you just promise, dear, that you'll quit drinking until you're great, and I'll be satisfied."

A Modern Candidacy.—A great beam was fetched and at a moment the outer doors had been battered down. The mob, shouting fiercely, poured in and all over the house.

At the threshold they were met by the very man they sought. He was pale but calm and dignified.

"Gentlemen," said he in a tense voice, "I might prolong my resistance, but in order to avoid bloodshed I now yield myself unreservedly into your hands."

After that he stood quietly while they thrust the nomination upon him. Once or twice he shuddered slightly, but further gave no sign of the repugnance he felt.—Puck.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES.

Notes and Comments About Matters of Local Interest.

Chester Reporter, March 26:

Pre-ferrings charges against another man and having the charge rebound and being convicted instead of the other fellow was bad enough, but that was not all that happened to Will Gathier, colored, in mayor's court Saturday morning. After the charge of disorderly conduct preferred against Sam Wilks, colored, by Gathier had been not pressed on discovery of the fact that Gathier was the real offender, it was discovered by Officer Caldwell that Gathier is a negro who was sentenced to spend eight months on the public works several years ago and escaped from the officers while being taken over to the county authorities, and will serve out his term....Port Lawn was visited by a disastrous fire last night, the handsome residences of Mr. M. W. Roddey and Mrs. A. A. Wallace being totally destroyed. The fire is thought to have originated in the kitchen of Mr. Roddey's home, and being fanned into a fierce blaze by the high winds that prevailed soon became a roaring and destructive conflagration. Mr. Roddey and family had a narrow escape from their burning dwelling, so rapidly did the flames spread. The dwelling of Mrs. Wallace, which adjoins that of Mr. Roddey, was soon on fire, and that of Mr. Roddey lost all its furniture except one trunk, but part of Mrs. Wallace's furniture was saved, though badly broken up on account of the haste with which it had to be thrown out. Friends and neighbors worked heroically, but with practically no means at hand to fight the blaze very little could be accomplished.

Chester Lantern, March 26: J. D. Taylor, indicted for the killing of Wash Alexander, was acquitted, the verdict being rendered in direction of testimony to show the circumstances under which the killing occurred, Samuel E. McFadden, for the defense, asked the solicitor whether the case intended to make any argument in the case, to which Mr. Henry replied that the state would not ask for a verdict.

The court then remarked that the evidence clearly showed that the killing in the proper discharge of his duty as an officer and directed a verdict of not guilty, the jury rendering the verdict without leaving the box. The case is well known here, Mr. Taylor having shot the negro, who was escaping from arrest, after having thrown the officer down into the gutter....The Rev. Robert A. Yongue, pastor of East Chester Methodist Episcopal church, died Saturday evening at his home, Health's Chapel, near Port Lawn, following a short attack of acute diabetes. He was 61 years of age. The funeral services will be held from one of the Fort Mill churches this afternoon and the interment will occur there. The deceased remains were brought through this city yesterday morning en route to Port Mill. Mr. Yongue was born in Charleston November 25, 1851. He was educated principally at the Charleston high school. In 1885 he joined the Methodist church and was licensed to preach under the Rev. Dr. Thomas Rayson, presiding elder. He connected himself with the conference at Spartanburg in 1887. His initial pastorate was on the Williston circuit. Mr. Yongue was twice married. His first wife, who was Miss Anna M. Deery, of Charleston, died at Charleston November 13, 1891, leaving five children. December 20, 1892, he was married to Miss Jane B. Harvey. She survives him with several children. The deceased served the East Chester circuit during 1895-98. Last year he was on the Chester circuit. This year he was returned to the East Chester circuit.

Gastonia Gazette, March 26: Mrs. Amelia Manning died at her home in Clover, S. C., Sunday night, aged about 80 years. Funeral services were conducted at the home Monday afternoon and the remains laid to rest in the Clover cemetery. Mrs. Manning's husband, Mr. Perry Manning, died on Monday of last week at an advanced age. They had no children....Register of Deeds Smith has a brand new marriage license book and brought it into service last week. There is lots of room in it for names and he won't object to recording a few there every day. The old book, which was started five or six years ago, is full and has been laid aside. In the future it will serve only as a book of reference. The first licenses recorded in the new book are the following: James Null and Pearl Clemmer, Belmont; John T. Revels, Gastonia, and Annie Belle Ferguson, Bessemer City....The Ed Padgett arrested in Shelby last Thursday on a charge of passing worthless checks, as chronicled in Friday's Gazette, was not of course Mr. Ed Padgett of the well-known firm of Padgett Brothers, the tailors. The man arrested came to Gastonia and under the name of Fred Blanton made a small deposit in a local bank. A little later using the name of Ed Padgett, he wrote a number of worthless checks which he passed on merchants here and elsewhere. In Friday's paper it was stated that his real name was Padgett and that he was an assumed name. It is believed, however, that this is incorrect and that his real name is Blanton. However that may be, the object of this paragraph is principally for the purpose of making clear that the check flasher and Gastonia's popular tailor, Ed Padgett, are by no means the same person....Mrs. Boyce, widow of the late Rev. E. E. Boyce, many years pastor of the Associate Presbyterian church here and one of the most prominent ministers of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian denomination, is in a very critical condition at the home of her son, Mr. W. Meek Boyce, on West Airline avenue, as the result of a fall which she sustained early Saturday morning. While alone in her room, Mrs. Boyce started to walk across the floor when she was seized by a sudden attack of dizziness. She clutched at a chair but fell to the floor and suffered a fracture of one of her hip joints. Owing to her enfeebled condition, incident to her advancing years, she is in a very serious condition and but slight hope is entertained for her recovery. There was a rum for the worse in her condition this morning and Mrs. R. A. Wide-man, her only child away from Gastonia, who lives at Troy, S. C., was summoned by wire. Mrs. Boyce's other children, all of whom are here, are

Mr. S. N. Boyce, cashier of the First National bank; Mr. W. Meek Boyce, with the Lorry mill; and Mrs. J. H. Kennedy. Another son, Rev. James Boyce, for many years president of Due West Female college, died suddenly a year or more ago. Mrs. Boyce will be 80 years old in May. The news of her desperate condition will be heard with great regret by her host of friends everywhere....In the Lowell correspondence of The Charlotte Observer of last Thursday was chronicled the finding of a day or two previous of the skeleton of a man washed out of its resting place in the bottom near the river a mile south of Spencer mountain. The dispatch stated that the skull showed that the man, whoever he was, had suffered a heavy blow on the head. The condition of the skeleton, the unnatural place of burial and the fact that the body had been lying for so long a time, led to the suspicion that this chance-opened grave held a victim of foul play. The Gazette makes an older residents of that section recall anyone having been buried at that place leads to the suspicion that this chance-opened grave held a victim of foul play. The Gazette makes an older residents of that section recall anyone having been buried at that place leads to the suspicion that this chance-opened grave held a victim of foul play. The Gazette makes an older residents of that section recall anyone having been buried at that place leads to the suspicion that this chance-opened grave held a victim of foul play.

Now fourteen men are seated around the flaming fire. It is strangely silent in this circle and Shah Sevar's face is stern and inscrutable. At last he asks:

"Is everything ready?"

"Yes," comes the answer from everywhere.

"Is the powderhorn full, and lead in the bags?"

"Have the waterskins been filled?"

"Have you provisions in your pockets?"

"Yes. Dates, sour cheese and bread for four days."

"I told you the day before yesterday our goal this time is Bam. Bam is a very populous village. If we are discovered too early, the fight will be hot. We must sneak up to it like the jackals of the desert. The distance is five hundred kilometres, four days' ride."

Shah Sevar sits for a while staring into the flames, then he asks:

"Are the dromedaries fresh?"

"Yes."

"And have we ten extra dromedaries for the booty?"

"Yes."

"He arises and all the men follow his example. Their fierce faces are glowing, red like copper, in the firelight. They are not thieves; theft is contemptible, but plunder and robbery are manly occupations and a man's fame grows the more slaves he takes. "Sit up," the chief commands in a low voice. Muskets are thrown across the shoulders and clash against the belt. With its powderhorn, leather pouch with bullets, flint, steel and tinder.

"In the name of Allah," Shah Sevar cries, and the little crowd trots away into the night. They follow a well known trail, gained by the stars. Dawn comes, the sun rises and the shadows of the dromedaries fall on the firm yellow sand in which nothing grows. Not a word was spoken during the night. When the first 120 kilometres have been covered, the chief says: "We will stop at the hot springs."

When they reach there they fill the waterskins and let the dromedaries drink. Then they withdraw into the hills close by and rest during the hot hours of the day. They never rest at springs where they might meet other people.

At dusk they are once more in the saddle. They are riding faster now than the night before and in the morning they stop at a salt spring. During the third night the dromedaries begin to breathe more heavily and, when the sun rises, their lips are covered with white foam. They are not tired, only angry and out of breath, but onward they have to trot always toward the west, raising great clouds of gray dust.

At last they are out of the desert and, with furious speed, they race across the ground that is white with alkali. No living being is to be seen here, not even a lonely raven or vulture, which might warn the inhabitants of Bam of the approaching danger. Without a moment's rest they travel all day. The riders are as silent as the desert itself; the only noise is the labored breathing of the dromedaries and the sound of their feet against the hard ground. When the sun sets they still have twenty kilometres to cover.

Then Shah Sevar stops his dromedaries, and, as if he feared that his voice might be heard in Bam, he whispers: "Halt!" A soft whistling and the animals bend their knees and lay down. The men jump from their saddles and tie the front legs of the beasts together with short ropes so that they may not run away and betray the plan. All are dead tired and stretch themselves out on the ground.

Some of the men slept, while excitement kept others awake. Four sentries kept a sharp lookout. The town of Bam is not in sight, but the hills at the foot of which it lies are plainly visible. If night were only here now! The day has been calm and sultry. Now comes a faint breeze from the north and Shah Sevar smiles. An eastern wind would have forced him and his men to make a detour, that the watchful dogs of the village might not scent them too soon. It is nine o'clock. In an hour all Bam will be asleep. The men have finished their meal and put the remaining dates, cheese and bread back into their pockets. "Do you want us to empty the waterbags to lighten the dromedaries for the attack?" a man asks.

"No," replies Shah Sevar, "perhaps we shall not have time to fill them again when we retreat."

"The hour has come," he says, "arms ready!" The men sit up and ride slowly toward the village. "I will ride faster only when I discover anything suspicious, and then you will follow me. Three men with the extra dromedaries remain a little behind."

Like falcons the riders start toward their goal. It is still five kilometres away, but their sharp eyes even now distinguish the trees in the gardens of Bam. They draw closer. Suddenly a dog barks and all others follow. They have scented the dromedaries.

"Forward!" the shah cries. The dromedaries race along; they know the game and need no spurring on. Their necks are almost parallel with the ground and the white foam flies from their mouths. The dogs bark more furiously than ever, and the men run up to meet the attack. The robbers reach the village gate. The air is rent with cries of despair; the sleeping people are aroused; women and children flee to the hills. There is no time to organize a defense, there is no leader and the attack has come too suddenly. Like scared chickens the inhabitants rush hither and thither and the robbers fall upon them. Shah Sevar directs the attack sitting high up on his dromedary. The others jump off and overthrow three men, twelve women and six children, who are tied and placed under guard of two Beluchis while the others search the nearest houses. Their booty is two young men, who fight desperately, two bags of grain and some silver.

"How many slaves?" roars Shah Sevar.

"Twenty-three," comes the answer.

"That enough. Pack up."

"The slaves and booty are tied to the backs of the extra dromedaries."

"Hurry, hurry," cries the chief. "The same way back."

There is some confusion. The ropes of some of the dromedaries have become tangled. The chief's eyes have discovered a crowd of armed men coming up. Three shots ring out and Shah Sevar falls backward in his saddle. His dromedary is scared and starts to run toward the desert. His left foot is caught in the stirrup, his head is trailing in the dust, which stanches the blood from a wound in his forehead.

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"Loans On Honor."—A novel form of charity, recently inaugurated at Lyons, France, is described in a report from the American consul at that place. A society called the "Loan of Honor" has been established by a number of philanthropists for the purpose of lending small sums of money without security to needy persons. The applicant for a loan has to fill up a question blank, the information thus obtained enabling the society to judge whether the case is worthy of relief. If so, the borrower is required to give his or her word of honor to return the amount of the loan within a certain time. During the last fiscal year 384 persons were thus aided comprising clerks, small trades people, teachers, millhands, mechanics, etc., and sixty-eight women occupying humble positions. Some of the causes for the applications were stated to be: Sickness, 119 cases; lack of work, eighty-three cases; debts, eighty-four cases; starting house-keeping, twenty-seven cases. All but twenty-seven of those granted loans were married people. A very small fraction of the total amount lent up to date has not been returned at the expiration of the specified period of the loan. The committee's report does not state whether interest is charged on loans, but leads us to infer that it is not.—Scientific American.

A NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

By Sven Hedin, the Famous Swedish Explorer.

Shah Sevar, "the riding king," chief of a warlike tribe in western Baluchistan, is sitting one evening smoking his pipe at the campfire in front of his black tent, which has been pitched near a tamarisk. The tale teller has grown silent.

From out of the darkness of the night appear two men dressed in white with white turbans. They tie the dromedaries and prostrate themselves in front of Shah Sevar, who bids them rise and help themselves to tea from the big iron pot. In a moment everything is full of life. More men come up to the fire, all carrying long muskets, lances, swords and poniards. Several of them are leading dromedaries.

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